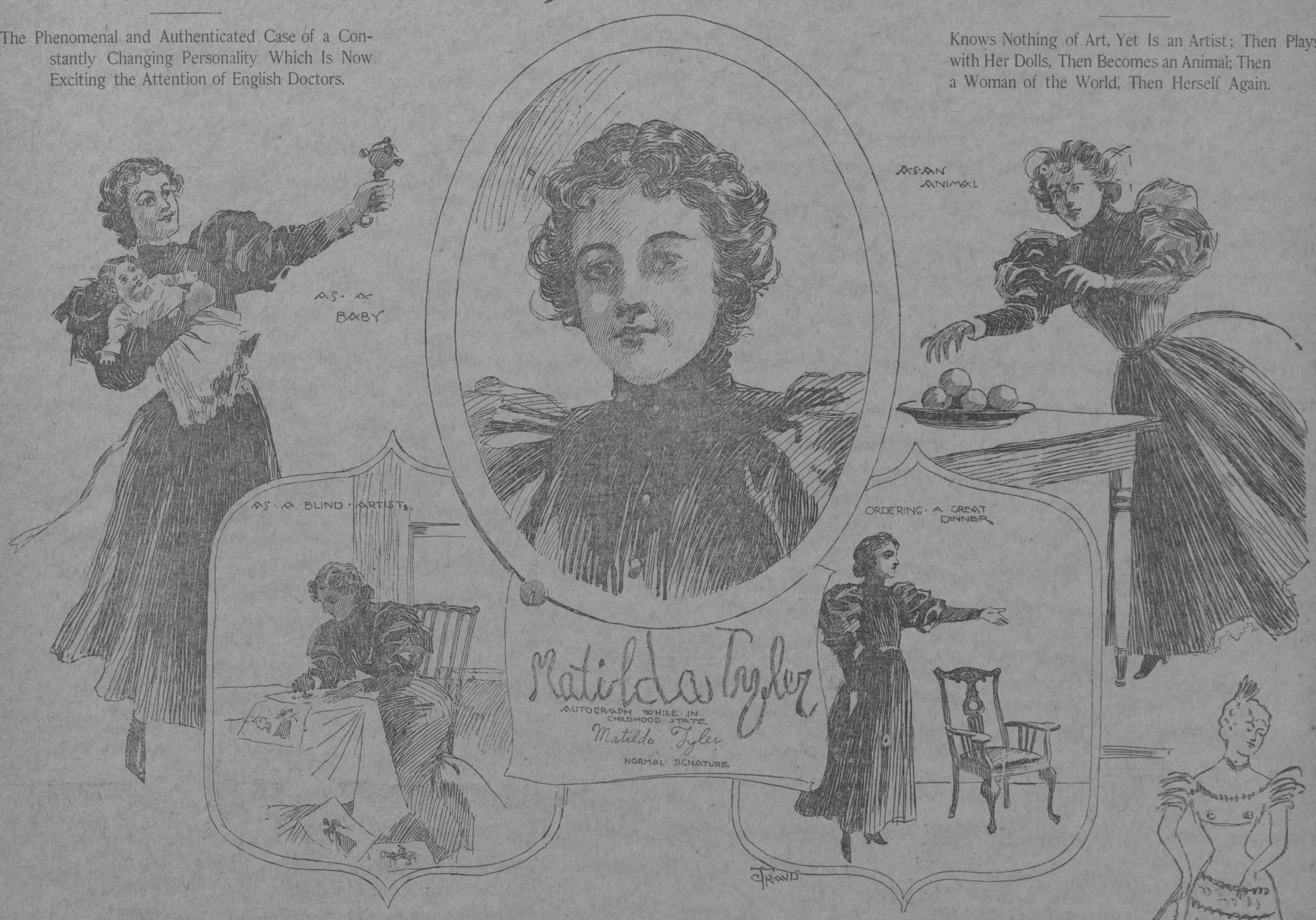
A REAL LITTLE JEKYLL AND HYDE GIRL.

The Phenomenal and Authenticated Case of a Constantly Changing Personality Which Is Now Exciting the Attention of English Doctors.

Knows Nothing of Art, Yet Is an Artist; Then Plays with Her Dolls, Then Becomes an Animal; Then a Woman of the World, Then Herself Again.



LONDON, March 20.—A most remarkable case of multiple existence in a single human being has just been brought to the attention of the Clinical Society of London by Dr. Albert Wilson, a physician practising in the northeastern suburbs of the metropolis. It is that of Matilda Tyler, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a London and Northwestern Railway employe.

One minute this extraordinary girl is a prattling babe.

The second she becomes a quiet, modest young woman of domestic tastes, with a wonderful capacity to draw pictures, an accomplishment which is utterly foreign to her in her other conditions.

In the next state, perhaps, she will sink below even the level of childhood and devour her food like a beast, while the next minute, with limbs stiffened and head on the floor, she goes through the most remarkable cataleptic seizures.

The beginning of this exceptional state of affairs was two years ago, when Matilda was a healthy, growing child of fifteen. She had never known a day's illness until this time, when she was attacked with influenza in its severest form, accompanied by serious hallucinations and prolonged paralysis of all her limbs. Not many days after Dr. Wilson had been in attendance she suddenly sat up in bed, stretched out her arms, and, after turning a complete somersault, proceeded to talk and behave like a child of two or three years. From this time on, at intervals of from three to five weeks, when she was perfectly normal, she lived in a condition of childishness, without knowing anything of her other existence as a girl of sixteen, and when she was a girl of sixteen she was completely unaware of what she had done only a few minutes before as a child of two.

I visited the girl at her home a couple of days ago accompanied by a member of the Clinical Society. She lives with her father, mother and sisters in a pleasant, modest suburban home, surrounded by every sign of decent comfort. She is a tall, fair-haired, healthy looking girl, but her face gives a weird suggestion of mysterious abnormality, which is enhanced by a peculiar depression in the bridge of the nose.

Her father said: "Here are some friends to see you. Will you not speak to them?"

"'Es," was the reply. "Would 'oo 'ike to see my dollies? Tom dave me a lovely dolly wiv a lovely blue dress for 'issmas."

Half a dozen sheets of newspaper wrapper were lying on the table beside her. The girl took up a pencil, drew a few rapid strokes and then said, playfully, "Would 'oo 'ike to have a dolly?" Without waiting for a reply she bent her head over the paper and began to draw the accompanying sketch, which took her a very short time to complete. Every action was that of a playful child, and when her work was finished she held it up triumphantly and cried with delight, "There! isn't it a pitty dolly?" The sketch was simply a copy of a fashion plate which her father said she had seen in the lady's page of a morning newspaper that day and which is given herewith.

After we had expressed our admiration Matilda dropped the pencil on the floor and said, with a weary smile: "Tom's Lamb tan't do any more, want to play with Gliggs." Gliggs is her child name for her young sister. I asked her father whether the girl was often in her normal state.

"Not very often," was the reply. "It is very difficult to bring her to it. Formerly she used to be herself for days, but latterly it has been very difficult to bring her round, and now I can only keep her like her old self for a minute or two."

The father then placed his arm round the girl's waist, stroked her hair for a minute and called to her gently, saying: "Matilda, Matilda, come back to daddy." It was an instructive, but pathetic sight to watch this great, sad-hearted father trying to induce a return of normal consciousness in his child. The girl's face grew more thoughtful, the cheeks flushed, the pupils dilated, and then, with a long-drawn sigh, the look of an intelligent human being came over her. She put her arms affectionately about her father's neck, kissed him several times, and said, in a totally different voice from that which we had previously heard: "Good morning, father." She looked about her in a bewildered fashion, and, seeing us at the other end of the room, got up and started to go into an adjoining apartment. There was nothing unnatural or uncommon about her manner or movements. She seemed a trifle shy, but not more so than the ordinary girl of seventeen when she finds herself in the company of strangers. Before she had reached the door, however, she stopped short and sat down in a large armchair. Her face had grown suddenly white, and an utter exhaustion seemed to come over her. For a moment she appeared to be in the deepest slumber. Her breathing was even and regular, as in sleep, and her arms hung limp at her side.

When she opened her eyes the girl was a ravenous animal!

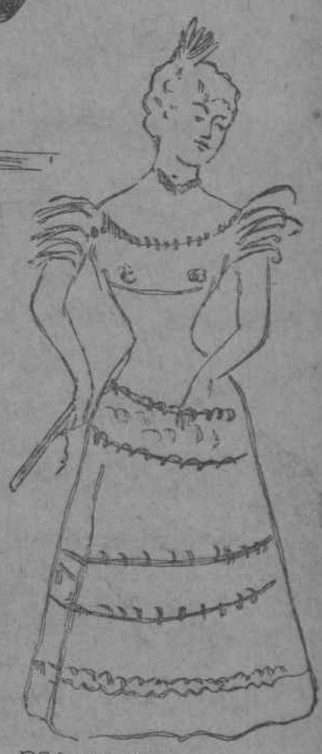
Her eyes seemed twice their former size and her fingers twitched convulsively, while she kept turning her head rapidly from side to side, like an angered serpent. A small dish of oranges stood upon the table in the middle of the room. One of these oranges she at once seized, and, eagerly tearing away the peel with her fingers, crammed the entire fruit into her mouth, and swallowed it then and there. No sooner had she finished this orange, when she grasped the second and devoured it in the same ravenous manner, and likewise the third.

After this ghastly exhibition Matilda became a child again and prattled on as before of her dollies and little soldiers. After a few moments of this baby talk she took up the pencil, which she had previously dropped on the floor, and began to write, but, curiously enough, she began every word with its final letter and wrote backward. She repeated this writing of her name a dozen times or more, all the time keeping up a perfect torrent of baby talk.

In writing backward she took the pencil in her left hand and started slowly and carefully to measure the paper with the width of her finger in order to see if the two words "Matilda Tyler" would reach across the page.

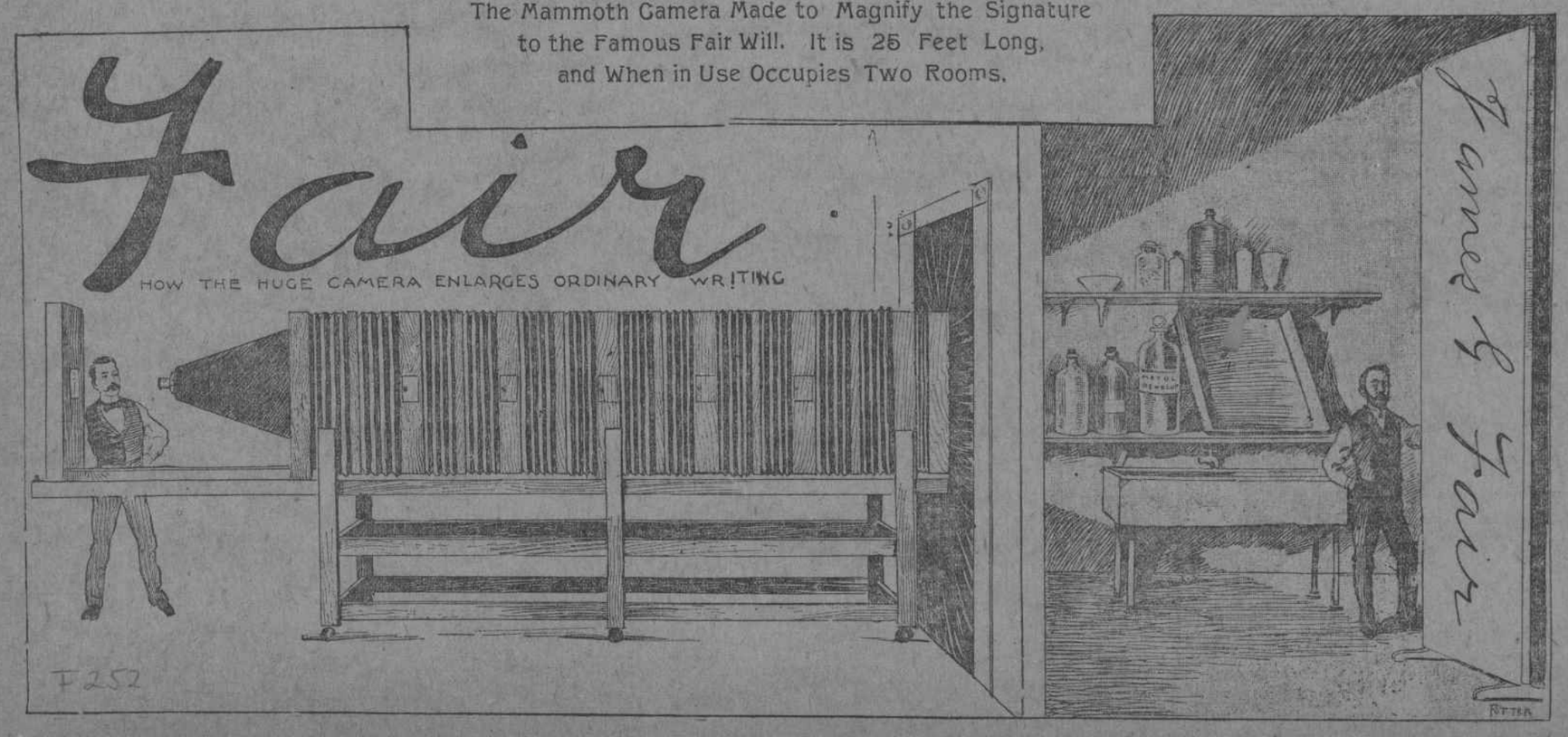
But Matilda's sub-stages are not at all so unhappy. Her most cheerful existence, probably, is that in which she is a fine lady of fashion, who gives great entertainments and has a house full of guests. In this stage she is perfectly normal, save that she goes about giving instructions to imaginary butlers and servants in the most grandiose manner, and orders enough food and provender sent into the little house to stock an ordinary manor house for a month.

B. W. W. C.



THE BIGGEST CAMERA.

The Mammoth Camera Made to Magnify the Signature to the Famous Fair Will. It is 25 Feet Long, and When in Use Occupies Two Rooms.



The largest camera in the world has been constructed for the purpose of "throwing up" the signature on the Fair will in San Francisco, so that Judge and jury may determine by a minute examination of its letters whether or not the document disposing of millions of dollars is a forgery. The camera has been made by Theodore Kytka, a handwriting expert of San Francisco. He was employed to investigate the pencil will the day on which it was filed.

Believing it to be a forgery, Charles Fair's attorneys, Knight and Haggerty, decided to take very possible means to establish Kytka's theory. So they built this wonderful camera.

With it an exact reproduction of any writing can be made, magnified 3,600 times. This means that a letter one-twentieth of an inch in height can be accurately pictured fifteen feet tall. In this way, photographing one minute section after another, the pencil will could be reproduced so that each page would be 3,000 feet wide and 5,100 feet long.

Mr. Kytka's studio was not large enough for this giant camera. In consequence it has been built in two rooms. The telescopic part, which is made up of twelve sections, or bellows, each supplied with a little sidedoor entrance, is twenty-five feet long when extended to its full capacity. This is connected by a black rubber cloth with an adjoining room used as a dark room.

Twelve months ago C. P. Goerz, a scientist of Germany, invented a new lens. In this there were six lenses ground into one. They were all so adjusted that no matter how great an object was to be magnified, it could be directly reproduced without the slightest distortion. This lens was of no value in making ordinary pictures. But in bringing out lines exactly and exposing the fibre of paper it was unequalled.

Upon the arrival of the lens work was at once begun in examining the documents in question from every standpoint. Under the magic power of his new instruments, reinforced by powerful electric lights, Mr. Kytka showed erasures that before had only been conjectured.

In order that there might be no possible escape from his arguments, Mr. Kytka began a collection of pencils. A sample of every pencil obtainable in this country and Europe was secured, and the marks made by these pencils (of which there are now more than 2,400) were analyzed under different conditions, photographed, and photographed again after erasures had been made.

The results obtained were a revelation. Never had there been constructed so elaborate a plant in this country or in Europe. The police employed this camera to assist in the Becker and Creegan case, where a check on the Nevada Bank was raised from $12 to $22,000. The first work to be done was to show that the check for $22,000 was a forgery. The process employed was simple.

The check was placed between two sheets of glass and in focus before the camera. It was then photographed, enlarged several times with a strong reflected light from behind, emphasizing not only the fibre of the paper, but the lines on it. That photograph told the whole story.

The camera brought out faintly the letters "lve" which had been erased with acid by the forgers before they changed the word "Twe-lve" to "Twe-nty Two Thousand." What was more, the ink in the first three letters was shown to be different from the rest.

The photograph showed, too, that the original check had been blotted, while the letters that had been painted in were allowed to dry. The patches that had been used in filling the holes in the paper of the check made by the perforating machine were also made evident.